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THE MOUNTAINS.

ANDREW-FILMER

THE MOUNTAINS.

A Collection of Poems.

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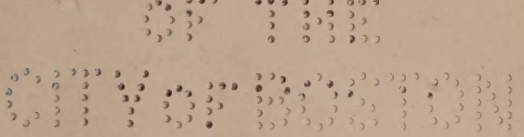
"Let the huge mountains throw their rugged arms
Around thee, while their virtue goeth out
Into thy heart with hidden sacraments!"

F. W. FABER.



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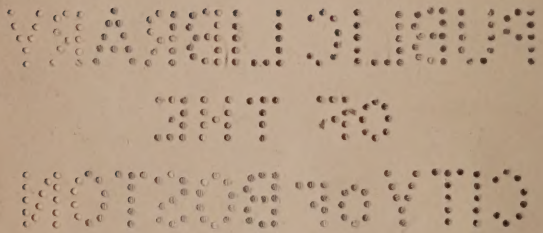

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Morn, when before the sun his orb unshrouds,
Swift as a beacon torch the light has sped,
Kindling the dusky summits of the clouds
Each to a fiery red;

The slanted columns of the noon-day light
Let down into the bosom of the hills;
Or sunset, that with golden vapor bright
The purple mountains fills, —

These made him say: If God has so arrayed
A fading world that quickly passes by,
Such rich provision of delight has made
For every human eye, —

What shall the eyes that wait for Him survey,
Where His own presence gloriously appears,
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years?

R. C. Trench.

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THE MOUNTAINS.

A HYMN.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand, —
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring;
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

MY way in opening dawn I took
Between the hills, beside a brook;
The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
The dew-drops showed ten millions more.

The mountain valley is a vase
Which God has trimmed with rarest grace;
And, kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestial blessings there.

Behold that guiltless bird! What brings
Him here? He comes to wash his wings.
Let me too wash my wings with prayer,
And cleanse them from foul dust and care.

To one long time in city pent
The lesson seems from heaven sent.
For pinions clean yon bird takes care:
Of soul defiled do thou beware!

W. R. Alger.

SONNETS.

I.

The Distant Mountain-range.

THEY beckon from their sunset domes afar,
Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills:
Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
And the anointing radiance heaven distils
On their high brows, the air with glory fills.
The portals of the West are opened wide;
And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills
All thoughts, a reverent throng to worship glide.
The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
The mysteries of Light, — an open book
Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
With crimson borderings, and lines of gold!
Where the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

II.

The Presence.

The mountain statelier lifts his blue-veiled head,
  While, drawing near, we meet him face to face.
Here, as on holy ground, we softly tread;
  Yet, with a tender and paternal grace,
  He gives the wild-flowers in his lap a place:
They climb his sides, as fondled infants might,
  And wind about him in a light embrace
Their summer-drapery, pink and clinging white.
  Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest:
So Christ took little children to his breast,
  And, with a reverence more profound, we fall
In the majestic presence that can give
Truth's simplest message: "'Tis by love ye live."

III.

The Farewell.

Now ends the hour's communion, near and high:
  We have heard whispers from the mountain's heart,
And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh
  Of grateful sadness, let us now depart
  And seek our lower levels. Rills that start
From this Hill's bosom, there reflect the sky;
  And his deep shadows greener grace impart
To the sweet vale which doth below him lie.

One farewell glance from far. The hills are fled!
Hid in the folds of yon funereal cloud.
A moment leans the Loftiest from his shroud: —
"Our thunders cleanse the valley," lo, he saith:
"'Tis not alone by smiles that life is fed:
Awe fills the sanctuary of deep faith."

LUCY LARCOM.

THE MOUNTAIN HERDSMAN.

EARLY had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe, — he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place: yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works thro' patience; thence he learned
In oft recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A MAY CAROL.

IS this, indeed, our ancient earth?
Or have we died in sleep and risen?
Has Earth, like man, her second birth?
Rises the palace from the prison?

Hills beyond hills ascend the skies;
In winding valleys, heaven suspended,
Huge forests, rich as sunset's dyes,
With rainbow-braided clouds are blended.

From melting snows through coverts dank
White torrents rush to yon blue mere,
Flooding its glazed and grassy bank,
The mirror of the milk-white steer.

What means it? Glory, sweetness, might?
Not these, but something holier far —
Shadows of Him, that Light of light,
Whose priestly vestment all things are.

The veil of sense transparent grows;
God's face shines out that veil behind,
Like yonder sea-reflected snows:
Here man must worship, or be blind.

AUBREY DE VERE.

"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

GOD ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all aleap!

But that is the mountains' secret
Age-hidden in their breast:
"God's peace is everlasting"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them;
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them, —
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He has woven the zones together
As a robe for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tirèd cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day.

And, lo! I have caught their secret —
The beauty deeper than all!
This faith — that Life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness,
And His peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

PASTOR ÆTERNUS.

I SCALED the hills; no murky blot,
No mist, obscured the diamond air:
One time, O God! those hills were not;
Thou spak'st, — at Thy command they were!

O'er ebon lakes the ledges hung;
More high were summits white with snow:
Some peak unseen along them flung
A crownèd shadow, creeping slow.

For hours I watched it; vague and vast,
From ridge to ridge, the mountains o'er,
The king-like semblance forward passed:
A shepherd's crook for staff it bore.

O Thou that leadest like a sheep
Thine Israel! all the earth is Thine!
The mystic manhood still must sweep
The worlds with healing shade divine.

The airy pageant dies with day:
The hills, the worlds themselves, must die;
But Thou remainest such alway:
Thy love is from eternity.

AUBREY DE VERE.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

WHERE is thy favor'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns thine entire control? —
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither'd bents — romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear, —

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is still,
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God within
Pleading with care and sin:
"Child of my love! how have I wearied thee?
Why wilt thou err from me?

Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
Parted the drowning waves,
And set my saints before thee in the way,
Lest thou should'st faint or stray?

"What! was the promise made to thee alone?
Art thou th' excepted one?
An heir of glory without grief or pain?
O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
'Twill crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure;
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
The world for thee was bought,
And as this landscape broad — earth, sea, and sky —
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good."

J. KEBLE.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

THOU Lord, who rear'st the mountains' height,
And mak'st the cliff with sunshine bright,
Oh grant that I may own Thy hand,
No less in every grain of sand!

With forests huge of dateless time
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath a tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.

While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects Thy ordered world to view.

In all the immense, the strange, the old,
Thy presence careless men behold;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be Thou as clearly seen.

Teach, Thou! that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being! save by Thee.

J. STERLING.

THE MOUNTAINS.

(From "The Masque of the Gods.")

HOWE'ER the wheels of Time go round,
We cannot wholly be discrowned.
We bind, in form, and hue, and height,
The Finite to the Infinite,
And, lifted on our shoulders bare,
The races breathe an ampler air.
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,
Have vanished from the morning mist;
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed
In spray the plunging torrent cast,
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,
The vapors and the sunbeams braid,
Grow thin and pale: each holy haunt
Of gods or spirits ministrant

Hath something lost of ancient awe ;
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw
A beauty, mystery, and might,
Time cannot change nor worship slight.
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds
Unearthly glory on our heads ;
The secret of the skies we keep ;
And whispers, round each lonely steep,
Allure and promise, yet withhold,
What bard and prophet never told.
While man's slow ages come and go,
Our dateless chronicles of snow
Their changeless, old inscription show,
And men therein forever see
The unread speech of Deity.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MOUNTAIN CHORUS.

(From "The Masque of Pandora.")

CHORUS OF OREADES.

CENTURIES old are the mountains ;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night ;
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush, and roar, and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad;
Flung in the meadow their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath;

Then from their gateways rush,
And before them routed and scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,
And flee for shelter the shepherds;
White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white;
Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

Voices of the Forest.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armor of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call;
Naught but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains ;
Voices of earth and air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound, —
The mysterious voice of the mountains :
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three
That speak of endless endeavor,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame ;
Sounding about the world
An inspiration for ever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

OUR MOUNTAIN.

ALL hail to our mountain ! form well known,
His skirts of heath, and his scalp of stone ;
Guardian of streams in their headlong youth,
That rise in spate or dwindle in drouth, —
Who sets o'er the clouds an Olympian seat
Where thunder is roll'd beneath our feet,
Where storm and lightning
And sunshine brightening
Solemnly girdle our steep retreat !

A day on the hills! — true king am I,
In my solitude public to earth and sky,
Fret inhales not this atmosphere,
Wing'd thoughts only can follow here;
Folly and falsehood and babble stay
In the ground-smoke somewhere, far away.
Let them greet and cheat
In the narrow street, —
Who cares what all the newspapers say!

Oh! the tyrant eagle's palace to share,
To possess the haunts of the shy brown hare,
And a thousand fields with their lakes a-shine,
And hamlets, and towns, and the ocean line,
And beechen valley, and bilberry dell,
And glen where the echoes and fairies dwell;
With heaps and bosses
Of plume-fern and mosses,
Scarlet rowan and slight blue-bell.

Plume-ferns grow by the waterfall,
Wide in the shimmering spray and tall,
Where the ash-twigs tremble, one and all,
And cool air murmurs, and wild birds call.
And the glowing crag lifts a dizzy wall
To the blue, through green leaves' coronal,
And foam-bells twinkle
Where sunlights sprinkle
The deep dark pool of the waterfall.

I sit with the Shepherd Boy an hour,
By a gray cliff's foot, on the heather-flow'r,
Simple of life as his nibbling sheep
Dotted far down on the verdant steep;

I climb the path which sometimes fails
A peasant bound to more distant vales,
When night, descending,
The world is blending,
Or fog, or the rushing blast assails.

My feast on a marble block is spread,
I dip my cup in a cold well-head;
The poet's page is strong and fine,
I read a new volume in one old line,
Leap up for joy, and kiss the book;
Then gaze far forth from my lofty nook,
With fresh surprise,
And yearning eyes
To drink the whole beauty in one deep look.

From these towers the first gray dawn is spied,
They watch the last glimmer of eventide,
Wear shadows at noon, or vapory shrouds,
And meet in council with mighty clouds:
And at dusk the ascending stars appear
On their pinnacle crags, or the chill moon-sphere
Whitening only
Summits lonely,
Circled with gulfs of blackest fear.

When ripe and dry is the heathery husk,
Some eve, like a judgment flame through the dusk,
It burns the dim line of a huger dome
Than is clad in the paschal blaze of Rome;
And to valley, river, and larch-grove spires,

Signals with creeping scarlet fires,
Keen o'erpowering
Embers cowering
Low where the western flush retires.

But the stern dark days with mutter and moan
Gather like foes round a hated throne;
Terror is peal'd in the trumpet gale,
Crash'd on the cymbals of the hail;
Vapors move in a turbulent host,
Cave and rift hold daggers of frost,
And silently white
In some morning's light
Stands the conquer'd mountain, a wintry ghost.

Till pack'd in the hollows the round clouds lie,
And the wild-geese flow charging down the sky
To the salt sea-fringe; there milder rains
Course like young blood through the wither'd veins
That sweeping March left wasted and weak;
And the gray old Presence, dim and bleak,
With sudden rally
By mound and valley
Laughs with green light to his baldest peak!

Thy soft blue greeting through distant air
Is home's first smile to the traveller, —
Mountain, from thee home's last farewell!
In alien lands there are tales to tell
Of thy haunted lough, and elvish ring,
And cairn of the old Milesian king,
And the crumbling turrets
Where miser spirits
Batlike in vaults of treasure cling.

Giant! of mystical, friendly brow;
Protector of childhood's landscape, thou;
Long golden seasons with thee abide,
And the joy of song, and history's pride.
Of all earth's hills I love thee best,
Reckon from thee mine east and west;
Fondly praying,
Wherever straying,
To leave in thy shadow my bones at rest.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

COIR-NAN-URISKIN.

(From the "Lady of the Lake.")

BY many a bard in Celtic tongue
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

It was a wild and strange retreat
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,

Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.

From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

SIR W. SCOTT.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

TO whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent as infant at the breast,
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or mid the silence lie!
By the blue arch, this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime!
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belong'd
This vale? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children, from their birth,
Are joint heirs of the whole!

Yea, long as Nature's humblest child
Has kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own;
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!

JOHN WILSON.

A MORNING IN OREGON.

A MORN in Oregon! the kindled camp
Upon the mountain brow, that broke below
In steep and grassy stairway to the damp
And dewy valley, snapp'd and flamed aglow
With knots of pine. Above, the peaks of snow,
With under-belts of sable forests, rose
And flash'd in sudden sunlight. To and fro
And far below, in lines and winding rows,
The herders drove their bands, and broke the deep repose.

I heard their shouts like sounding hunter's horn,
The lowing herds made echoes far away;
When lo! the clouds came driving in with morn
Toward the sea, as fleeing from the day.
The valleys fill'd with curly clouds. They lay
Below, a levell'd sea that reach'd and roll'd
And broke like breakers of a stormy bay
Against the grassy shingle, fold on fold,
So like a splendid ocean, snowy white and cold.

The peopled valley lay a hidden world,
The shouts were shouts of drowning men that died,
The broken clouds along the border curl'd,
And bent the grass with weighty freight of tide.
A savage stood in silence at my side,
Then sudden threw aback his beaded strouds
And stretched his hand above the scene, and cried,
As all the land lay dead in snowy shrouds:
"Behold! the sun upon a silver sea of clouds."

Here lifts the land of clouds! The mantled forms,
Made white with everlasting snow, look down
Through mists of many cañons, and the storms
That stretch from Autumn time until they drown
The yellow hem of Spring. The cedars frown,
Dark-brow'd, through banner'd clouds that stretch
and stream
Above the sea from snowy mountain crown.
The heavens roll, and all things drift, or seem
To drift, about and drive like some majestic dream.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer — dying, dying, dying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

HIGHER! yet higher! Tho' the path is steep,
And all around the withering bracken rusts.
Up yonder on the crag a mossy spring,
Frosted with silver, glistens, and around
Grasses as green as hedgerows in the May
Cushion the lichen'd stones.

Here let us pause:
Here, where the grass gleams emerald, and the spring
Up bubbling faintly seemeth as a sound,
A drowsy hum, heard in the mind itself:
Here, in this stillness, let us pause and mark
The many-color'd picture. Far beneath
Sleepeth the glassy Ocean like a sheet
Of liquid mother-o'-pearl, and on its rim
A ship sleeps, and the shadow of the ship;
Astern the reef juts darkly, edged with foam,
Thro' the smooth brine: oh, hark! how loudly sings
A wild, weird ditty to a watery tune,
The fisher among his nets upon the shore;
And yonder, far away, his shouting bairns
Are running, dwarf'd by distance small as mice,
Along the yellow sands. Behind us, see
The immeasurable mountains rising silent
Against the fields of dreamy blue, wherein
The rayless crescent of the mid-day moon
Lies like a reaper's sickle; and before us
The immeasurable mountains, rising silent

From bourne to bourne, from knolls of thyme and heather,
To leafless slopes of granite, from the slopes
Of granite to the dim and ashen heights
Where, with a silver glimmer, silently
Pausing, the white cloud sheds miraculous snow
On the heights untravell'd — whither we are bound.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow.
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

O. W. HOLMES.

HYMN,

Before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamounix.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful form
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, sul stantial, black, —
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought —
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy —
Till the dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn
Co-herald — wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down these precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came):
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! — let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements! —
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me: Rise, oh ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars to the lull'd lake and mountain coast
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense,
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ; — 'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r !

The sky is changed ! — and such a change ! oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night : — Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone clears his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed: —
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, — war within themselves to wage.

Now where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand;
For here, not one but many make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe, — into one word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —
And glowing into day; we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

LORD BYRON.

SUNRISE.

LO! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

W. SHAKSPEARE.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me ; — bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading-glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash, —
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,

Was ringing to the merry shout
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! — No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSING OF THE WIND.

HAST thou ever sat on a mountain-brow
When the sun was bright and the wind was low,
And gazed on the groups of silent wood
That hung by the brink of a crystal flood,
When the wind starts up from his hidden lair,
Like a thing refreshed by sleep,
On the scene so summer-like and fair
And the quietness so deep?
The far-off pass and the broken fell
With a hoarse and hollow murmur swell
As the giant rides along:
He comes with sceptre bare to break
The pageant mirrored in the lake;
And the whole forest depths to shake
With fury loud and strong.
He hath bent the poplar as he passed,
As the tempest bends the tall ship-mast;

He hath twisted the boughs of the lofty ash,
And the old oak moaned beneath his lash.
And yet to thee like some strange dream
The wild wind's savage sport doth seem,
For thou art still on thy mountain brow,
With the sun all bright and the wind all low!

F. W. FABER.

A SUMMER STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(From "The Seasons.")

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctured trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes

Descend ; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds : till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
Crash'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountain with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
The Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

J. THOMSON.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities, —
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy guest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
This moral sweeten by a Heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

W. WORDSWORTH.

SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAINS AFTER A STORM.

(From the "Excursion.")

A STEP,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor — without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond or of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf.
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,

Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible —
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast. — "I have been dead," I cried,
"And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?"
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!

W. WORDSWORTH.

TIRED.

OH for wings, that I might soar
A little way above the floor —
A little way beyond the roar —

A little nearer to the sky!
To the blue hills, lifted high,
Out of all our misery.

Where alone is heard the lark
Warbling in the infinite arc,
From the dawning to the dark.

Where the callow eaglets wink
On the bare and breezy brink,
And slow pinions rise and sink.

Where the dim white breakers beat
Under cloud-drifts at our feet,
Singing, singing, low and sweet.

Where we see the glimmering bay
Grayly melting far away,
On the confines of the day.

Where the green larch-fringes sweep
Rocky defiles, still and steep,
Where the tender lichens creep.

Where the gentian blossoms blow,
Set in crystal stars of snow;
Where the downward torrents flow

To the plains and yellow leas,
Glancing, twinkling, through the trees,
Pure as from celestial seas.

Where the face of Heaven has smiled,
Aye on freedom, sweet and wild,
Aye on beauty, undefiled.

Where no sound of human speech
And no human passions reach;
Where the angels sit and teach.

Where no troublous foot has trod;
Where is impressed on the sod
Only Hand and Heart of God!

ALICE CAMPBELL.

GOD IS BEAUTIFUL.

OH, Thou art beautiful! and Thou dost bestow
Thy beauty on this stillness: still as sheep
The hills lie under Thee; the waters deep
Murmur for joy of Thee; the voids below
Mirror Thy strange fair vapors as they flow;
And now, afar upon the ashen height,
Thou sendest down a radiant look of light,
So that the still peaks glisten, and a glow
Rose-color'd tints the little snowy cloud
That poises on the highest peak of all.
Oh, Thou art beautiful! — the hills are bowed
Beneath Thee; on Thy name the soft winds call, —
The monstrous ocean trumpets it aloud,
The rains and snows intone it as they fall.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. Noon.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! — O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues! dim beckoning through
Yon mountain gaps my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

Oh, welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus flowers!

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call, —

That shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say, —
Death walks apart from fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. Evening.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
  While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
  On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
  Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
  And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
  Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
  They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
  Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
  And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the day and night
  Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
  The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
  And the young archer, morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
  And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
  Gay-hearted health and life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
  In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

For ever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall:
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by silence and the night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

J. G. WHITTIER.

SNOWDON,

In the Pass of Llanberis.

HOLDING by this rude crag I stay to listen,
Where the white noonday moon looks o'er the steep,
And sheets of mountain-water hang and glisten,
Catching the sun far up in their long leap.
Snowdon's whole range is rocking in the wind,
Ridges and splintered caves and lifeless vales,
Calling forth mighty sounds, while they unbind
The echoing chords of this vast harp of Wales.
Forget not whom the winds forth-shadow! Hark,
How the huge hills take up in hollows dark
The clang from these distracted caverns tossed,
Till the brave eagles in their holds have trembled,
Crouching and screaming to the choir assembled,
Round this dread Altar of the Holy Ghost.

F. W. Faber.

AT WINNIPESAUKEE.

O SILENT hills across the lake,
Asleep in moonlight, or awake
To catch the color of the sky,
That sifts through every cloud swept by, —
How beautiful ye are, in change
Of sultry haze and storm-light strange!
How dream-like rest ye on the bar
That parts the billows from the star!
How blend your mists with waters clear,
Till earth floats off, and heaven seems near!

Ye faint and fade, a pearly zone,
The coast-line of a land unknown.
Yet that is sun-burnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee-deep in the limpid sea:
Somewhere among these grouping isles
Old White-Face from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown,
To look on happy hamlets down;
And every pass and mountain slope
Leads out and on some human hope.

Here, the great hollows of the hills
The glamour of the June day fills.
Along the climbing path, the brier,
In rose-bloom beauty beckoning higher,
Breathes sweetly the warm uplands over;
And, gay with buttercups and clover,
The slopes of meadowy freshness make
A green foil to the sparkling lake.

So is it with yon hills that swim
Upon the horizon, blue and dim:
For all the summer is not ours;
On other shores familiar flowers
Find blossoming as fresh as these,
In shade and shine and eddying breeze;
And scented slopes as cool and green
To kiss of lisping ripples lean.

So is it with the land beyond
This earth we press with steps so fond.
Upon those faintly-outlined hills
God's sunshine sleeps, his dew distils:

The dear beatitudes of home
Within the heavenly boundaries come:
The hearts that made life's fragrance here
To Eden haunts bring added cheer;
And all the beauty, all the good,
Lost to our lower altitude,
Transfigured, yet the same, are given
Upon the mountain-heights of heaven.

O cloud-swathed hills the flood across,
Ye hide the mystery of our loss,
Yet hide it but a little while:
Past sunlit shore and shadowy isle,
Out to the still lake's farther brim,
Ere long our bark the wave shall skim.
And what the vigor and the glow
Our earthly-torpid souls shall know,
When, grounding on the silver sands,
We feel the clasp of loving hands,
And see the walls of sapphire gleam,
Nor tongue can tell, nor heart can dream.

But in your rifts of wondrous light
Wherewith these lower fields are bright,
In every strengthening breeze that brings
The mountain-health upon its wings,
We own the gift of Pentecost,
And not one hint of heaven is lost.

LUCY LARCOM.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE VILLAGE OF PASSIGNANO, ON THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

THE mountains stand about the quiet lake,
That not a breath its azure calm may break;
No leaf of these sere olive-trees is stirred,
In the near silence far-off sounds are heard;
The tiny bat is flitting overhead,
The hawthorn doth its richest odors shed
Into the dewy air; and over all,
Veil after veil, the evening shadows fall,
Withdrawing one by one each glimmering height,
The far, and then the nearer, from our sight —
No sign surviving in this tranquil scene,
That strife and savage tumult here have been.

But if the pilgrim to the latest plain
Of carnage, where the blood like summer rain
Fell but the other day, — if in his mind
He marvels much and oftentimes to find
With what success has Nature each sad trace
Of man's red footmarks labored to efface, —
What wonder, if this spot we tread appears
Guiltless of strife, when now two thousand years
Of daily reparation have gone by,
Since it resumed its own tranquillity.
This calm has nothing strange; yet not the less
This holy evening's solemn quietness,

The perfect beauty of this windless lake,
This stillness which no louder murmurs break
Than the frogs croaking from the distant sedge,
These vineyards dressed unto the water's edge,
This hind that homeward driving the slow steer
Tells how man's daily work goes forward here,
Have each a power upon me, while I drink
The influence of the placid time, and think
How gladly the sweet mother once again
Resumes her sceptre and benignant reign,
But for a few short instants scared away
By the mad game, the cruel impious fray
Of her distempered children — how comes back,
And leads them in the customary track
Of blessing once again; to order brings
Anew the dislocated frame of things,
And covers up, and out of sight conceals
What they have wrought of ill, or gently heals.

R. C. Trench.

SPRING ON THE PEAK.

HAVE ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breast-plate, — leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,

And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet: your
mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages
untold, —
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each fur-
row and scar
Of his head thrust twixt you and the tempest, — all
hail, there they are!
Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the
nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green
on its crest
For their food in the ardors of summer!

ROBERT BROWNING.

VESUVIUS.

AS when unto a mother, having chid
Her child in anger, there have straight ensued
Repentings for her quick and angry mood,
Till she would fain see all its traces hid
Quite out of sight, — even so has Nature bid
Fair flowers, that on the scarred earth she has strewed,
To blossom, and called up the taller wood
To cover what she ruined and undid.
Oh! and her mood of anger did not last
More than an instant; but her work of peace,
Restoring and repairing, comforting
The earth, her stricken child, will never cease;
For that was her strange work, and quickly passed,
To this her genial toil no end the years shall bring.

R. C. TRENCH.

COMO.

WE went
By lonely roads, where over Garda's lake
Their brows the cloven-hearted mountains bent,
To lands divine, where Como's waters make
Twin arms, to clasp them for their beauty's sake!

The shapely hills, whose summits towered remote
In rosy air, might smile in soft disdain
Of palaces that strung a jewelled chain
About their feet, and far off seemed to float
On violet-misted waters; yet they wore
Their groves and gardens like a festal train,
And in the mirror of the crystal plain
Steep vied with steep, shore emulated shore!

. . . . . .

The halcyon world
Of sleeping wave, and velvet-folded hill,
And stainless air and sunshine lay so still!
No mote of vapor on the mountains curled;
But lucid, gem-like, blissful, as if sin
Or more than gentlest grief had never been,
Each lovely thing of tint that shone impearled,
As dwelt some dim beatitude therein.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

RADICOFANI.

(Extract.)

THIS is a barren, desolate scene,
Grim and gray, with scarce a tree,
Gashed with many a wild ravine
Far away as the eye can see ;
Ne'er a home for miles to be found
Save where huddled on some grim peak
A village clinging in fear looks round
Over the country vast and bleak,
As if it had fled from the lower ground,
Refuge from horrors there to seek.

Over the spare and furzy soil
With never a waving grain-field sowed,
Ruggedly wind with weary toil
The shining bands of dusty road, —
Down through the river's rocky bed,
That is white and dry with summer's drought,
Or climbing some sandy hillock's head,
Over and under, in and out,
Like a struggling thing by madness led,
That wanders along in fear and doubt.

What are those green spots on yon sandy slope
Where the green is frayed and tattered with gray ?
Are they only rocks — or sheep that crop
The meagre pasture ? one scarce can say.
This seems not a place for flowers — but behold !
How the lupine spreads its pink around,

And the clustered ginestra squanders its gold
As if it loved this barren ground;
And surely that bird is over-bold
That dares to sing o'er that grave-like mound.

It is dead and still in the middle noon,
The sand-beds shine with a blinding light,
The cicali dizzen the air with their tune,
And the sunshine seems like a curse to smite;
The mountains around their shoulders bare
Gather a thin and shadowy veil,
And shrink from the fierce and scorching glare—
And close to the grass so withered and pale
Hovering quivers the glassy air,
And the lizards pant in their emerald mail.

W. W. Story.

IN THE EUGANEAN HILLS, NORTH ITALY.

'MID the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,

Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail;
And the vapors cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies, —
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise

As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

. . . . .

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly-islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,

Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odor, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SUNSET.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

THE moon is up and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the fair Rhœtian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all is gray.

LORD BYRON.

MONADNOC.

. . . . . .

IN his own loom's garment dressed,
By his own bounty blessed,
Fast abides this constant giver,
Pouring many a cheerful river ;
To far eyes, an aerial isle
Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,
Which morn and crimson evening paint
For bard, for lover, and for saint ;
The country's core,
Inspirer, prophet evermore ;
Pillar which God aloft had set
So that men might it not forget ;
It should be their life's ornament,
And mix itself with each event ;
Their calendar and dial,
Barometer and chemic phial,
Garden of berries, perch of birds,
Pasture of pool-haunting herds,
Graced by each change of sum untold,
Earth-baking heat, stone-cleaving cold.

The Titan heeds his own affairs,
Wide rents and high alliance shares;
Mysteries of color daily laid
By the great sun in light and shade;
And sweet varieties of chance
And the mystic seasons' dance;
And thief-like step of liberal hours
Thawing snow-drift into flowers.
Oh, wondrous craft of plant and stone
By eldest science done and shown!

. . . . . .

R. W. EMERSON.

MONADNOC'S WELCOME.

AH! welcome, if thou bring
My secret in thy brain;
If thou trowest
How the chemic eddies play,
Pole to pole, and what they say;
And that these gray crags
Not on crags are hung,
But beads are of a rosary
On prayer and music strung;
And, credulous, through the granite seeming,
Seest the smile of Reason beaming;—
Can thy style-discerning eye
The hidden-working Builder spy,
Who builds, yet makes no chips, no din,
With hammer soft as snow-flake's flight;—
Knowest thou this?

O pilgrim, wandering not amiss!
Already my rocks lie light,
And soon my cone will spin.

For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
Cannot forget the sun, the moon,
Orb and atom forth they prance,
When they hear from far the rune;
None so backward in the troop,
When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance,
But knows the sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound.

Monadnoc is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among;
But, well I know, no mountain can
Measure with a perfect man.
For it is on zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit:
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass, as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

Through all time, in light and gloom,
Well I hear the approaching feet
On the flinty pathway beat
Of him that cometh, and shall come;
Of him who shall as lightly bear
My daily load of woods and streams,

As doth this round sky-cleaving boat
Which never strains its rocky beams;
Whose timbers, as they silent float,
Alps and Caucasus uprear,
And the long Alleghanies here,
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,
Sailing through stars with all their history.

Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread,
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead.

R. W. EMERSON.

ST. MARY'S LAKE.

NOR fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine.

Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids, — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitudė.
  Naught living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Has lain Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

SIR W. SCOTT.

CADWALLON'S HUT.

THAT lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a gray mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate; and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale, which wound
Among the hills, was gray with rocks, that peer'd
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrown, which oftentimes
Clattered adown the steep, beneath the foot
Of straggling goat dislodged; or tower'd with crags,
One day when winter's work hath loosen'd them,
To thunder down. All things assorted well
With that gray mountain hue; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
The dwelling rudely rear'd with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,
Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
The white-barked birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock
Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream.

R. SOUTHEY.

IN THE TROSACHS.

(From the "Lady of the Lake.")

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer's sighs.

Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;

And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough root his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;

A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE FIERY BIRTH OF THE HILLS.

O HOARY Hills! tho' ye look aged, ye
Are but the children of a latter time:
Methinks I see ye in that hour sublime,
When from the hissing cauldron of the sea
Ye were upheaven, while so terribly
The Clouds boiled, and the Lightning scorched ye bare.
Wild, new-born, blind Titans in agony,
Ye glared at heaven through folds of fiery hair!
Then, in an instant, while ye trembled thus,
A hand from heaven, white and luminous,
Pass'd o'er your brows, and husht your fiery breath
Lo! one by one the still Stars gathered round,
The great Deep glass'd itself, and with no sound
A cold Snow glimmering fell, and all was still as death.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

GLENGARRIFF.

A SUN-BURST on the Bay! Turn and behold!
The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled,
Translucent, through each glen. A mantle hoary
Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story,
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland proud
The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay.
The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade: and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

THE RISING OF THE HILLS.

SINKING, sinking, all the country slowly sank beneath the waves;
And the ocean swept the forests, reptiles, dragons, to their graves;
Afterwards with shells old Ocean all the conquered country paves,

Singing, "It is mine for ever!"—not for ever, not for long,
For the subterranean forces laughed at Ocean's boastful song,
Lifting up the sunken country, for their backs were broad and strong,

Till the sea-shells were uplifted even to the mountain peak.
Far below the waves are moaning, but with voices faint and weak,
Sorrowing for their lost dominion and the toys they vainly seek.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE ALPS FROM MILAN.

I CLIMBED the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MISTS ON BEN LOMOND.

LOOK down that dark ravine,
And watch the white and swiftly-climbing mist
Rolling in silence up the narrow fissure
Between those rugged, black, forbidding rocks,
Like troops of angels climbing fearlessly
Into a dark, and rough, and hardened soul,
Storming its blackened citadel with love!

P. G. HAMERTON.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

SWEETE sacred hill! on whose fair brow
My Saviour sate, shall I allow
Language to love
And Idolize some shade or grove,
Neglecting thee? such ill-plac'd wit,
Conceit, or call it what you please,
Is the braine's fit,
And meere disease.

Cotswold, and *Cooper's* both have met
With learned swaines, and Eccho yet
Their pipes, and wit;
But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect,
Untouch'd by any; And what need
The sheep bleat thee a silly Lay,
That heard'st both reed
And sheepward play?

Yet if Poets mind thee well,
They shall find thou art their hill,
And fountaine too.
Their Lord with thee had most to doe.
He wept once, waked whole nights on thee:
And from thence (his sufferings ended)
Unto glorie
Was attended.

Being there, this spacious ball
Is but his narrow footstoole all;
And what we thinke
Unsearchable, now with one winke

He doth comprise. But in this aire
When he did stay to beare our Ill
And sinne, this Hill
Was then his chaire.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

AN ITALIAN SUNSET.

WE stood
Looking upon the evening, and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky. The hoar
And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared
Through mist — an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills. They were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,
The likeness of a clump of peakèd isles.
And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun; from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky.

WORDSWORTH.

IT was a day of shower and sun,
By summer breezes softly fanned,
Amongst the vales and mountains dun,
And sprinkled Lakes of Cumberland:
Such day as best that land may choose,
Where Nature's choicest gifts have striven,
And Earth puts forth her freshest hues
To sparkle in the light of heaven.

I passed along the mountain side,
And watched the falling drops that broke
The crystal Lake's transparent tide,
While hills beyond in sunshine woke:
And marked the gleams that passing o'er
Brought out in clear distinctive view
The heathered outlines that before
Were melted into shapeless blue.

But soon a sight of new surprise
Called off my thoughts from even flow:
I saw a rainbow arch arise
And span half-way the vale below.
In bold relief it stood displayed
Against the further mountain's side;
And bolder still in darkest shade
Towered up that mountain's loftier pride.

Most beautiful it was to trace
That blended arch of sparkling rain
Rise gently upward from the base,
And fall as gently down again.
That faultless outline's perfect mould,
Those blended hues in fair degree;
But yet, though beauteous to behold,
It was no sight of joy to me.

For I in southern lands had dwelt,
Where hills are low and clouds are high;
And, taught unconsciously, had felt
That bow an inmate of the sky.
And fondly deemed that arch's span,
That soaring pile that sprang to birth,
A breadth beyond the reach of man,
A height above the touch of earth.

It was a shape of joy and praise,
The welcome "rainbow in the sky;"
Linked with young childhood's holiest gaze
And poets' sweetest minstrelsy;
And sight it was of saddening pain
To find the covenant bow shrunk down,
A humble inmate of the plain,
A mountain's tributary crown.

T. Burbidge.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover, loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings, and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,
And through the trancèd woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

DYING SUMMER.

ON tawny hills in faded splendor drest,
Of rusty purple and of tarnished gold,
Now like some eastern monarch sad and old
The discrowned Summer lieth down to rest!
A mournful mist hangs o'er the mellow plain,
O'er watery meads that slide down pine-clad heights,
And wine-red woods where song no more delights;
But only wounded birds cry out in pain.
A pallid glory lingers in the sky,
Faint scents of wilding flowers float in the air,
All Nature's voices murmur in despair:
"Was Summer crowned so late — so soon to die?"
But with a royal smile, she whispers, "Cease!
In life is joy and triumph, death is peace!"

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

EVENING IN IRELAND.

FAIR was that eve, as if from earth away
All trace of sin and sorrow
Passed, in the light of the eternal day
That knows nor night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains in the dim
And glowing distance piled!
A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
Unbroken, undefiled!

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and glen,
The form and face of man,
Beamed with unwonted beauty, as if then
New earth and heaven began.

REV. DR. MURRAY.

PROSE AND SONG.

I LOOK'D upon a plain of green,
That some one call'd the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen
In movement or repose.

I look'd upon a stately hill
That well was named the mount of song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise, —
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

JOHN STERLING.

EXTRACT FROM "THE LOST BOWER."

GREEN the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played, —
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade ;
Summer snow of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade.

There is one hill I see nearer,
In my vision of the rest ;
And a little wood seems clearer,
As it climbeth from the west,
Sideway from the tree-locked valley to the airy upland crest.

Small the wood is, green with hazels,
And, completing the ascent,
Where the wind blows and sun dazzles,
Thrills in leafy tremblement ;
Like a heart that, after climbing, beateth quickly through content.

Not a step the wood advances
O'er the open hill-top's bound ;
There, in green arrest, the branches
See their image on the ground :
You may walk beneath them smiling, glad with sight and glad with sound.

For you hearken on your right hand,
How the birds do leap and call
In the green wood, out of sight and

Out of reach and fear of all;
And the squirrels crack the filberts, through their cheerful madrigal.

On your left, the sheep are cropping
The slant grass and daisies pale;
And five apple-trees stand dropping
Separate shadows toward the vale,
Over which, in choral silence, the hills look you their "All hail!"

Far out, kindled by each other,
Shining hills on hills arise;
Close as brother leans to brother,
When they press beneath the eyes
Of some father praying blessings from the gifts of Paradise.

While beyond, above them mounted,
And above their woods also,
Malvern hills, for mountains counted
Not unduly, loom a-row, —
Keepers of Piers Plowman's visions, through the sunshine and the snow.

E. B. Browning.

SHASTA.

AROUND whose hoar and mighty head
Still rolled a sunset sea of red,
While troops of clouds a space below
Were drifting wearily and slow,
As seeking shelter for the night,
Like weary sea-birds in their flight.

Joaquin Miller.

AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

ON the bare hill-top, by the pinewood's edge, how joyously rang the noise
Of the mountain wind in the topmost boughs! a spell there was in its voice.
It drew me to leave the goodly sight of the plain sweeping far away,
And enter the solemnly shaded depths to hear what the trees would say.

But no sooner I trod the russet floor than hushed were the magic tones:
No stir but the flight of a startled bird, no sound but my foot on the cones.
All silently rose the stately shafts, kirtled with lichens gray,
And the sunlight-flakes on their reddening tops were as still and unmoved as they.

Was it joy or dread that pressed my heart? I felt as one who must hear
Some long-kept secret, and knows not as yet if it bring him hope or fear;
I stood as still as the solemn firs, and hearkened with waiting mind;
Then I heard far away in the topmost boughs the eternal sough of the wind.

And the thrill of that mystic murmur so entered my listening heart,
That the very soul of the forest trees became with my soul a part;

I seemed to be raised and borne aloft in that ever-
ascending strain,
With a throb too solemn and deep for joy, too perfect
and pure for pain.

Many voices there are in Nature's choir, and none but
were good to hear
Had we mastered the laws of their music well, and
could read their meaning clear ;
But we who can feel at Nature's touch cannot think as
yet with her thought,
And I only know that the sough of the firs with a spell
of its own is fraught.

For the wind when it howls in the chimneys at night
hath a heavy and dreary sound
Of the dull everlasting treadmill of life, which goes so
wearily round ;
And the choirs of waves on the long-drawn sands, too
well I hear in their strain
The throb of our human anguish deep, where triumph
wrestles with pain.

But neither passion nor sorrow I hear in this rhythmic
steady course,
Only the movement resistless and strong of some all-
pervading Force ;
The one universal Life which moves the whole of the
outward plan,
Which throbs in winds, and waters, and flowers, in
insect, and bird, and man.

Oh, would that the unknown finer touch which makes
us other than those

Did not hold us so far asunder in soul from their harmony and repose!
The self-same fountain doth life and growth to us and to them impart,
But only at moments we taste and know the peace which is Nature's heart.

And yet it may be that long, long hence, when æons of effort have pass'd,
We shall come — not blindly impelled, but free — to the orbit of order at last,
And a finer peace shall be wrought out of pain than the stars in their courses know! —
Ah me! but my soul is in sorrow till then, and the feet of the years are slow!

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

BY scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear, —

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil:

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruisèd leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfil,
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still!

BRET HARTE.

HAREBELLS.

HIGH in the clefts of the rock, 'mid the cedars,
Hangeth the harebell the waterfall nigh,
Blue are its petals, deep blue tinged with purple,
Mystical tintings that mirror the sky.

Amber the waters that, foaming and dashing,
Whirl the wild spray far aloft in the air;
Jaggèd the rocks that piled stratum on stratum
Earth's primal secrets and life-throes lay bare.

Sturdy green cedars and graceful blue harebell,
Wild amber waters and opaline spray,
Wondrous brown rocks with strange tales of past ages,
All over-archeth the clear summer day.

Ring out, O harebell, thy loveliest measures,
Chime with the falling of waters below;
Earth's brightest glories, her purest of treasures,
Spring from some agony, some needful woe.

Signed with the cross is the form of dear Nature,
Heart's blood still ransoms each gift from the soul,
High over all bend the arms of the Maker,
Tenderly folding and blending the whole.

L. D. PYCHOWSKA.

UP IN THE WILD.

UP in a wild where no one comes to look
There lives and sings a little lonely brook:
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her thought;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone! alone!
And hear afar the Rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths towards the shining sea!

The voiceful Rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor, every one:
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah! lonely brook! creep onward through the pines;
Press through the gloom to where the daylight shines!
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee!

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth;
Hold thine own path, however-ward it tendeth;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the Rivers, by-and-by!

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

A FLOWER FROM THE CATSKILLS.

THE orchards that climb the hillsides,
That lie in the valley below,
Are white in the soft May sunshine,
And fragrant with May-day snow.
The violets wakened by April
Their watch in the meadow yet keep,
The golden spurs of the columbine
Are hung where the lichens creep.

Still gleams by the sluggish waters
Some loitering marigold,
Where ferns, late greeting the sunshine,
Their downy green plumes unfold.
And just by the wooded waysides
Faint glows the azalea's blush, —
The dawn of the coming summer,
The morning's awakening flush!

But there where the wind-rent rain-clouds
O'ershadow the Catskills' crest,
There blossoms one flower more precious,
Far sweeter than all the rest.
Where scarcely a leaf has opened
The promise of summer to give,
Where the lingering winds of winter
For the sleet and the snow-drift grieve,

Where the trees grow scant and stunted,
And scarcely a shadow is cast,
There nestles the Trailing Arbutus
Close, close to the hills' cold breast.

The storm winds give to it courage,
  The skies give its power to bless,
And it giveth to all its loving
  In its happy thankfulness.

Now pink as the lip of the sea-shell,
  Now white as the breakers' foam,
It spreadeth its stainless treasure
  To brighten its rugged home.
Low trailing amid the mosses
  Its delicate blossoms lie, —
Giving the earth its beauty,
  Its worship giving the sky.

Though bleak be the home that reared it,
  And rough be its lullaby,
Gathering strength from the tempest,
  And grace from the fair blue sky;
It waiteth with patient longing
  In the snow's embrace held fast,
Still trusting, with faith unbroken,
  The sun to welcome at last:

To welcome with loving greeting
  The soft falling step of Spring,
Scarce felt on the northern hill-slopes
  Where the lingering snow-drifts cling.
And faint on the winds upsweeping
  Is wafted its perfume rare,
Like the incense of worship ascending, —
  The mountains' low, unspoken prayer!

O brave little blossom! still teach us
  Through love to be patient and strong,

Though the Spring be laggard in coming,
And the days be dark and long;
Like thy bloom by the rude ways scattered,
Each day some life may we bless,
Till our souls, like thy fragrance ascending,
Reach heavenly perfectness.

E. W. C.

A MOUNTAIN CATARACT.

UNPERISHING youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
[illegible]ing of his voices;
[illegible]murmured charm of the son of the rock,
[illegible]ed evermore at his slumberless fountain.
[illegible]re's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing:
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven,
May be born in a holy twilight.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE RIVER'S LAMENT.

I CAME down rushing from the mountain,
Jubilant with pride and glee,
Leaping through the winds and shouting
That I had an errand to the sea.

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,
But I burst from the holding of their hands,
Broke from their holding, and went slipping
And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands
Smiled as my sound murmured by;
And the birds on the wing heard me singing,
And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,
And the buds, that had been red and sweet,
Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,
And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,
They came out and crowned me with their towers;
And the trees hung up their garlands above me,
And coaxed me to rest among their bowers.

But I laughed, as I left them in the sunshine;
There was never aught of rest for me,
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me! for my pride upon the mountain,
Ah me! for my beauty in the plains,
When my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,
And the clouds showered strength into my veins!

Alas! for the blushing little blossoms,
And the grasses, with their long golden drifts,
For the shadow of the forest in the noontide,
And full-handed cities with their gifts!

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,
I have sung in the chorus of the sea;
And my soul, from the tumult of the billows,
Will never more be jubilant and free.

I sing, but the echo of my mourning
Returns to me shrieking back again,
One wild weak note amongst the myriads
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the main.

Oh well, for the dew-drops on the gowan!
Oh well, for the pool upon the height,
Where the birds gather thirsty in the noontide,
And stars watch all through the summer night!

There is no home-returning for the waters
To the mountain whence they came, glad and free;
There is no happy ditty for the river
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.

R. M.

THE PINE.

ALONE, without a friend or foe,
Upon the rugged cliff I stand,
And see the valley far below
Its social world of trees expand;
A hermit pine I muse above,
And dream and wait for her I love,
For her, the fanciful and free,
That brings my purest joy to me.

Oft dancing from the laughing sea
When morning blazes on my crest,
All wild with life and gayety
She springs to me with panting breast.
Her sun-spun ringlets loosely blown,
And eyes that seem the dawn to own,
She greets me with impetuous air,
And shakes the dew-drops from my hair.

At midnight as I stand asleep,
While constellations stream above,
I hear her up the mountain creep
With sighs and whispers full of love:
There in my arms she gently lies,
And breathes mysterious melodies,
And with her childlike winning ways
Among my leaves and branches plays.

Heaped in the winter's snowy shroud,
With icy fingers to each limb,
Or drenched by summer's thunder-cloud,
Of her, and her alone, I dream;

And where the trees are bending low,
And the broad lake with crispèd flow
Darkens its face despite the sun,
I watch her through the valley run.

Sometimes, when parched in summer noon,
She brings me odors from the east,
And draws a cloud before the sun
And fans me into peaceful rest.
In my siesta while I drowse
She rustling slips amid my boughs,
And teases me, the while that I
In dreamy whispers make reply.

Sometimes as if in fierce despair,
The tears of passion on her face,
With tempest locks and angry air
She round me flings her wild embrace,
And sobs, and moans, and madly storms,
And struggles in my aching arms
Until, the wild convulsion past,
She falls away to sleep at last.

And if my fate at length ordain
This fallen trunk of mine to bear
Some stately vessel o'er the main,
I know she'll not forget me there.
And oft the sailor 'mid the gale
Above my corse shall hear her wail
And sob with tears of agony,
Far out on the Atlantic sea.

W. W. STORY.

LARCH TREES.

ALL men speak ill of thee, unlucky Tree!
Spoiling with graceless line the mountain edge,
Clothing with awkward sameness rifted ledge,
Or uplands swelling brokenly and free:
Yet thou shalt win some few good words of me.
Thy boughs it is that teach the wind to mourn,
Haunting deep inland spots and groves forlorn
With the true murmurs of the plaintive sea.
When tuft and shoot on vernal woodlands shine,
Who hath a green unwinterlike as thine?
And when thou leanest o'er some beetling brow,
With pale thin twigs the eye can wander through,
There is no other tree on earth but thou
Which brings the sky so near, or makes it seem so blue.

F. W. FABER.

TO THE RIVER ARVE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT A HAMLET NEAR THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes as if in scorn:
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay; for here are flowers and trees;
Warm rays on cottage-roofs are here;
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees, —
Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not — thou hastest on;
From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on — but were there one with me
That loved me, I would light my hearth
Here, where with God's own majesty
Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
Among the blossoms at their feet.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?

Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear drops nurse ye? —
Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting toils
O'er slippery steeps, or trembling treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness —
Fearless, yet frail — and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

COMPENSATION.

THE torrent-wave, that breaks with force
Impetuous down the Alpine height,
Complains and struggles in its course,
But sparkles, as the diamond bright.

The stream in shadowy valley deep
May slumber in its narrow bed;
But silent, in unbroken sleep,
Its lustre and its life are fled.

METASTASIO (Mrs. Hemans's Translation).

P

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

"To win the secret of a weed's plain heart."
LOWELL.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden!
Cankered not the whole year long!
Do you teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow
Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms!
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still!

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word Man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek!

Mountain gorses! since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—
For your teaching, ye should see us

Bowing in prostration new.
Whence arisen — if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks — O World! they are not
tears, but dew.

E. B. Browning.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of Summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

J. R. Lowell.

THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven — thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near;
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look:
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged road:
We felt that man was more than his abode,—
The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
And the warm sky, the sun-down tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the saintly soul whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal foot-steps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

J. G. WHITTIER.

ABOVE.

SACRED to Cybele, the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottos where the white cliffs shine.
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise;
Lessening from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point reared, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.

CAMOENS (Mickle's Translation).

SANCT MÄRGEN.

COME with me to the mountain, not where rocks
Soar harsh above the troops of hurrying pines,
But where the earth spreads soft and rounded breasts
To feed her children; where the generous hills
Lift a green isle betwixt the sky and plain
To keep some Old World things aloof from change.
Here too 'tis hill and hollow: new-born streams
With sweet enforcement, joyously compelled
Like laughing children, hurry down the steeps,
And make a dimpled chase athwart the stones;
Pine-woods are black upon the heights, the slopes
Are green with pasture, and the bearded corn
Fringes the blue above the sudden ridge:
A little world whose round horizon cuts
This isle of hills with heaven for a sea,
Save in clear moments when south-westward gleams
France by the Rhine, melting anon to haze.
The monks of old chose here their still retreat,

And called it by the Blessed Virgin's name,
Sancta Maria; which the peasant's tongue,
Speaking from out the parent's heart that turns
All loved things into little things, has made
Sanct Märgen, — Holy little Mary, dear
As all the sweet home things she smiles upon.

The monks are gone, their shadows fall no more
Tall-frocked and cowled athwart the evening fields
At milking-time; their silent corridors
Are turned to homes of bare-armed, aproned men,
Who toil for wife and children. But the bells,
Pealing on high from two quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit
Upon its heaven-wide branches. At their sound
The shepherd-boy far off upon the hill,
The workers with the saw and at the forge,
The triple generation round the hearth, —
Grandames and mothers and the flute-voiced girls, —
Fall on their knees, and send forth prayerful cries
To the kind Mother with the little Boy,
Who pleads for helpless men against the storm,
Lightning and plagues and all terrific shapes
Of power supreme.

And on the farthest height
A little tower looks out above the pines,
Where mounting you will find a sanctuary
Open and still; without, the silent crowd
Of heaven-planted, incense mingling flowers;

Within, the altar where the Mother sits
'Mid votive tablets hung from far-off years
By peasants succored in the peril of fire,
Fever, or flood, who thought that Mary's love,
Willing but not omnipotent, had stood
Between their lives and that dread power which slew
Their neighbor at their side. The chapel bell
Will melt to gentlest music ere it reach
That cottage on the slope, whose garden-gate
Has caught the rose-tree boughs, and stands ajar;
So does the door, to let the sunbeams in;
For on the slanting sunbeams angels come
And visit Agatha who dwells within, —
Old Agatha, whose cousins Kate and Nell
Are housed by her in Love and Duty's name,
They being feeble, with small withered wits,
And she believing that the higher gift
Was given to be shared.
She kept the company of kings and queens
And mitred saints who sat below the feet
Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds;
And Rank for her meant Duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A GERMAN "BAD."

DEEP within a narrow valley lies a busy little town,
While set as for its coronet each mountain bears a chapel crown.

Every tongue on earth that's spoken in that Babel mingled go,
Those whose characters are broken, those whose lives are white as snow.

Some for pleasure, some for play, ever marching to and fro, —
Sick and well and grave and gay, — up and down the crowd doth flow.

Through the valley runs a river, bright and rocky, cool and swift,
Where the wave with many a quiver plays around the pine-tree's drift.

But within the town the streamlet forms a clear and shallow pool,
Each detail reflected clearly down amidst its shadows cool:

All the men, and all the houses, — all the hanging flower-pots,
Booths and bonnets, beards and blouses, and the Baroness de Kotz;

And the gray cliffs overhanging, and the grim and solemn pines,
Whose forests with their mighty shadows close us in with dark green lines;

All, — except the cross which towers high aloft into
the sky,
Alone upon that mountain summit, as its Master here
did die.

For the mirror was too narrow, and could not the
whole contain,
So it took the lower portion, left out what o'er all
should reign.

And methought our living mirrors, in that busy little
town,
Gave back all that eager bustle, to and fro, and up and
down.

Faithfully we there reflected all the chatter, all the
noise,
All the talk of one another, — all the flowers, all the
toys.

Only we left out the presence, and forgot the thought
of Him
Whose calm and holy memory in our hearts should
ne'er grow dim.

Like an old Italian picture, — where the men and
women sit,
Unconscious of the glorious vision, which above their
heads doth flit, —

So the upper, better portion of our picture heeding
not,
Broken, selfish, narrow, trivial — life becomes in that
sweet spot.

"Good Words."

CONSECRATED.

AMONG the far gray mountains
There lies a lonely grave;
In rain and sunshine ever
Unkept the grasses wave.

'Twas there the shepherds buried
The little shepherd lad,
With rude hands fond and tender,
With voices hush'd and sad.

No sound was heard of organ,
No note of funeral psalm,
But only sobs of brother hearts
To bless the mountain calm.

No priestly voice has hallowed
The shepherd's place of rest;
No priestly hands have blessed it.
And yet—it has been blessed.

For there the little shepherd's flock
Bleats thankfully to God;
And grateful songs the sweet birds sing
Above the grassy sod.

"THE MONTH."

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climbed among the clouds
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from Heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopped to the joy of both, at that low door;
That door which ever, as self-opened, moves
To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering Spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me,
All meekness, gentleness, tho' large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand,
While I alighted. Long could I have stood
With a religious awe contemplating
That House, the highest in the Ancient World,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A Temple, sacred to Humanity!

. . . . . .

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;
The vesper-bell, for 'twas the vesper-hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness:
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant — move your lips in prayer!"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,

If dale it might be called, so near to Heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'Twas a place
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As if all worldly ties were now dissolved; —
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in gloom
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wandered from their way,
Had perished miserably. Side by side
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;
Their features full of life yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Tho' the barred windows, barred against the wolf,
Are always open!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE ALPINE MAIDEN.

DOWN the steep path we wound with careful tread,
Stones slipping, rolling, bounding far below,
And where a vista opened wide ahead
We paused in sunset glow.

Before us, the white Jungfrau, far away,
Towered up into the blue and silent sky;
All rosy with the light of dying day,
The Silberhorn flamed high.

Down swept the glacier's rough and tortuous lines,
Till lost to sight below; while silvery clear
The laughter of lost streams and stir of pines
Made music far and near.

Sudden the path curved round a wall of stone
With Alpine roses corniced, fair and sweet,
And there within its hollow, all alone,
She stood with sun-browned feet, —

An Alpine maiden, with her simple store
Of berries, waiting on the rocky shelf
For travellers who should pass her open door,
And singing to herself

Some quaint old Switzer song born of the sound
Of mountain brooks from cloud-lost summits leaping,
And mournful-cadenced as the wind that round
Their storm-worn peaks comes sweeping.

Then, as we paused to taste the dainty food,
"Where is your school?" we asked the mountain queen,
Wondering at foreign words she understood,
And at her gracious mien.

She raised her brown eyes to the mountains grand,
Beyond the pine-tops and the valley near,
And with a graceful gesture of her hand,
She answered simply, "Here."

Oh short, wise answer, striking deep to truth
The shallow question did not dream to reach,
Such wisdom as, in everlasting youth,
The schools can never teach!

All came to her, who never strayed to seek;
Her teachers came of every land and race,
And taught her all their foreign tongues to speak,
  But learned from out her face

The strength of all the hills, their patience high,
The beauty and the grace about their feet,
That left clear impress on the brow and eye,
  And made the soul complete;

And bore with them afar upon the sea,
To distant lands, where'er their footsteps strayed,
— Perpetual blessing in their memory —
  That simple mountain maid.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THE UNDER-WORLD.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year;
  Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the Hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Arising (so say they that dwell below)
From frequent dealings with the Mountain Spirits.
  Once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg,
He slipped, he fell; and, thro' a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the Under-world! Long-while he lay
Upon his rugged bed — then waked like one

Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever!
For, looking round, he saw or thought he saw
Innumerable branches of a Cave
Winding beneath that solid Crust of Ice;
With here and there a rent that showed the stars!
What then, alas, was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men
Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark! the noise as of some mighty Flood
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon returned, and fearless from despair
Dashed down the dismal Channel; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travelled incessantly, the craggy roof
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength
Lashing him on. At last as in a pool
The water slept; a pool sullen, profound,
Where, if a billow chanced to heave and swell,
It broke not; and the roof, descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended; when a ray divine
Shot thro' his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged, he swam,—and in an instant rose,
The barrier passed, in sunshine! Thro' a vale,
Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
Gleamed thro' the trees, half-seen and half-embowered,

Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('twas a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
Seen behind all, and varying, as he spoke,
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE HOME OF "IL CURATO."

BUT what need have I of pictures on my walls?
Out of my window every day I see
Pictures that God has painted, better far
Than Raffaelle or Razzi — these great slopes
Crowned with golden grain and waving vines
And rows of olives; and then far away
Dim purple mountains where cloud-shadows drift
Darkening across them; and, beyond, the sky,
Where morning dawns and twilight lingering dies.
And then, again, above my humble roof
The vast night is as deep with all its stars
As o'er the proudest palace of the king.

W. W. STORY.

THE CENTAUR'S CAVE.

THEN, from the shore, the rocks and windy summits high
Of wood-topt Pelion rear'd their beacon midst the sky.
We entered straight a grot of gloomy twilight shade;

There on a lowly couch the Centaur huge was laid.
At length unmeasured stretched, his rapid legs were thrown;
And, shod with horny hoofs, reclin'd upon the stone.
But when the Centaur saw the noble kings appear,
He rose with courteous act, and kiss'd and brought them dainty cheer.
The wine in beakers served, the branchy couches spread
With scatter'd leaves, and placed each guest upon his bed.
In dishes rude the flesh of boars and stags bestowed;
While draughts of luscious wine in equal measure flow'd.
But now, when food and drink had satisfied the heart,
With loud, applauding hands, they urged my minstrel's art:
That I, in contest match'd against the Centaur sire,
Should, to some wide-famed strain, attune the ringing lyre.
Through winding cavities that scoop'd the rocky cell,
With tone sonorous, thrill'd my sweetly vocal shell.
High Pelion's mountain-heads and woody valleys round,
And all his lofty oaks remurmur'd to the sound.
His oaks uprooted rush, and all tumultuous wave
Around the darkened mouth of Chiron's hollow cave.
The rocks re-echo shrill; the beasts of forest wild
Stand at the cavern's mouth, in listening trance beguil'd:
The birds surround the den; and, as in weary rest,
They drop their fluttering wings, forgetful of the nest.
Amazed the Centaur saw: his clapping hands he beat

And stamp'd in ecstasy the rock with hoof'd and horny feet;
When Typhys threads the cave, and bids the Minyan train
To hurry swift on board; and thus I ceased my strain.
The Argonauts leap'd up in haste, and snatch'd their arms again;
Forth from the den we sprang, down from the mountain high:
The aged Centaur spread his raised hands tow'rds the sky,
And call'd on all the gods a safe return to give,
That, famed in ages yet unborn, the youthful kings might live.
Descending to the shore, we climb'd the bark again;
Each press'd his former bench and lash'd with oar the main;
Huge Pelion's mountain swift receded from our view,
And o'er vast ocean's green expanse the foam white-chafing flew.

ONOMACRITUS (Sir C. Elton's Translation).

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A VISION OF HELICON.

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts
  Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send up their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
Oh speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE FAIRIES.

A Child's Song.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pan-cakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

CATHAIR FHARGUS.

(*Fergus's Seat.*)

(A mountain in the Island of Arran, the summit of which resembles a gigantic human profile.)

WITH face turned upward to the changeful sky,
I, Fergus, lie, — supine in frozen rest;
The maiden morning clouds slip rosily
Unclasped, unclasping, down my granite breast;
The lightning strikes my brow and passes by.

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I wot:
I, "Fergus" called, — the great pre-Adamite,
Who for my mortal body blindly sought
Rash immortality, and on this height
Stone-bound, for ever am and yet am not, —

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I say.
Ye pygmies of a later race, who come
And play out your brief generation's play
Below me, know, I too spent my life's sum,
And revelled through my short tumultuous day.

Oh, what is man that he should mouth so grand
Through his poor thousand as his seventy years?
Whether as king I ruled a trembling land,
Or swayed by tongue or pen my meaner peers,
Or earth's whole learning once did understand, —

What matter? The star-angels know it all.
They who came sweeping through the silent night
And stood before me, yet did not appal:
Till, fighting 'gainst me in their courses bright,*
Celestial smote terrestrial. — Hence, my fall.

Hence Heaven cursed me with a granted prayer;
Made my hill-seat eternal: bade me keep
My pageant of majestic lone despair,
While one by one into the infinite deep
Sank kindred, realm, throne, world: yet I lay there.

There still I lie. Where are my glories fled?
My wisdom that I boasted as divine?
My grand primeval women fair, who shed
Their whole life's joy to crown one hour of mine,
And lived to curse the love they coveted?

Gone — gone. Uncounted æons have rolled by,
And still my ghost sits by its corpse of stone,
And still the blue smile of the new-formed sky
Finds me unchanged. Slow centuries crawling on
Bring myriads happy death: — I cannot die.

My stone-shape mocks the dead man's peaceful face,
And straightened arm that will not labor more;
And yet I yearn for a mean six-foot space
To moulder in, with daisies growing o'er,
Rather than this unearthly resting-place; —

Where pinnacled, my silent effigy
Against the sunset rising clear and cold
Startles the musing stranger sailing by,
And calls up thoughts that never can be told,
Of life, and death, and immortality.

* "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

While I? — I watch this after-world that creeps
Nearer and nearer to the feet of God:
Ay, though it labors, struggles, sins, and weeps,
Yet, love-drawn, follows ever Him who trod
Through dim Gethsemane to Calvary's steeps.

O glorious shame! O royal servitude!
High lowliness, and ignorance all-wise!
Pure life with death, and death with life imbued; —
My centuried splendors crumble 'neath Thine eyes,
Thou Holy One who died upon the Rood!

Therefore, face upward to the Christian heaven,
I, Fergus, lie, — expectant, humble, calm;
Dumb emblem of the faith to me not given;
The clouds drop chrism, the stars their midnight psalm
Chant over one, who passed away unshriven.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
So from yon mountain graveyard cries the dust
Of child to parent, husband unto wife,
Consoling, and believing in the Just: —
Christ lives, though all the universe died in strife.

Therefore my granite lips for ever pray:
"O rains, wash out my sin of self abhorred!
O sun, melt thou my heart of stone away!
Out of Thy plenteous mercy save me, Lord!"
And thus I wait till Resurrection Day.

D. M. Mulock Craik.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

WITH awful walls, far glooming, that possess'd
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purpos'd, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there, like the thunder:
And so it fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke the trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god,
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier frowning;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirr'd,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marr'd the mountain shelves
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touch'd the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings:

Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breaths the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die,
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he anger'd? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did Fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good Hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gather'd in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbors; and those silent heights ascended.
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprize
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended, —
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps; but 'twas the pil'd snow falling;
And once, when in the woods an oak, for age,
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Aslant they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,

Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm, as when the rocks were first set ringing.
Fresh from their unimaginable mould
They might have seemed, save that the storms had stain'd them
With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold
In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrain'd them.
Breathless the gazers look'd, nigh faint for awe,
Then leap'd and laugh'd. What was it now they saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds that fill'd
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
The great, huge, stormy music had been still'd
By the soft needs that nurs'd those small, sweet noises!
O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall?
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
Compar'd with Nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But Heaven and Earth abide their time and smile.

LEIGH HUNT.

FROM THE PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL OVER THE ALPS.

TURBID with stones and trunks of trees, descends
The Alpine stream: the ashen forests rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling to the shock,
And beats with raving surge the channell'd rock.
Of nameless depth, its ever-changing bed
Betrays the fording warriors' faithless tread;

The broad and flat pontoon is launched in vain,
High swells the flood with deluges of rain ;
Snatch'd with his arms, the staggering soldier slides,
And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tides.
But now, the o'er-hanging Alps, in prospect near,
Efface remember'd toils in future fear.
While with eternal frost, with hailstones piled,
The ice of ages grasps those summits wild.
Stiffening with snow, the mountain soars in air,
And fronts the rising sun, unmelted by the glare.
As the Tartarean gulf, beneath the ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's profound,
So high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
And shrouds the heaven with intercepting shades.
No spring, no summer, strews its glories here,
Lone winter dwells upon these summits drear,
And guards his mansion round the endless year.
Mustering from far, around his grisly form,
Black rains, and hail-storm showers, and clouds of storm.
Here in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds roam,
And the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
The upward sight a swimming darkness shrouds,
And the high crags recede into the clouds.
First Hercules those untried heights explored,
And midst the aerial hills adventurous soar'd ;
The gods beheld him cleave through many a cloud,
While sinking rocks beneath his footsteps bow'd,
And, striving, leave the vanquished steeps below,
Where never foot had touched the eternal snow.
Did Taurus, piled on Athos, pierce the skies,
And Mimas, heav'd on Rhodope, arise,

Hæmus its steepy mass on Othrys roll,
And Pelion, rear'd on Ossa, shade the pole,
Mountain on mountain would in vain be hurl'd,
And lessening shrink beside the Alpine world.

SILIUS ITALICUS (Translation of Sir C. A. Elton).

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

DEUT. XXXVI. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:

So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead the masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster-transept,
Where lights like glories fall:
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,

This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor? —
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — most wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still;
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. Alexander.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;

And every year, that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;

When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax or spinning
Or work was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land!

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger
That fed from out her hand,

She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up: clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,

The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

OH! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave,
With freshness fill the air;
For here the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old arrayed,
By their native Forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore,
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,
In the name of Liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep,
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!

And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear,
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky;
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light, —
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the bands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the lands shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,

A star when covered by the solar ray:
And, as o'er wilds I stray
Where the eye nought but savage Nature meets,
There Fancy most her brightest tints employs;
But when rude truth destroys
The loved illusion of those dreamèd sweets,
I sit me down on the cold, rugged stone,
Less cold, less dead than I, and think, and weep alone.

Where the huge mountain rears his brow sublime,
On which no neighboring height its shadow flings,
Led by desire intense the steep I climb;
And, tracing in the boundless space each woe
Whose sad remembrance my torn bosom wrings,
Tears, that bespeak the heart o'erfraught, will flow:
While, viewing all below,
From me, I cry, what worlds of air divide
The beauteous form, still absent and still near!
Then, chiding soft the tear,
I whisper low, Haply she too has sigh'd
That thou art far away: — a thought so sweet
Awhile my laboring soul will of its burthen cheat.

Go thou, my song, beyond that Alpine bound,
Where the pure smiling heavens are most serene,
There by a murmuring stream may I be found,
Whose gentle airs around
Waft grateful odors from the laurel green;
Nought but my empty form roams here unblest,
There dwells my heart with her who steals it from my breast.

PETRARCH (Dacre's Translation).

TWO ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A TURN, and we stand in the heart of things:
The woods are round us, heaped and dim;
From slab to slab how it slips and springs, —
The thread of water single and slim,
Through the ravage some torrent brings!

Does it feed the little lake below?
That speck of white just on its marge
Is Pella; see, in the evening-glow,
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge
When Alp meets Heaven in snow.

On our other side is the straight-up rock;
And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge and it
By boulder-stones, where lichens mock
The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit
Their teeth to the polished block.

And yonder, at foot of the fronting ridge
That takes the turn to a range beyond,
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant pond
Danced over by the midge.

Poor little place, where its one priest comes
On a festa-day, if he comes at all,
To the dozen folk from their scattered homes
Gathered within that precinct small,
By the dozen ways one roams, —

When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crownèd casques, o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE LOVER AMONG THE HILLS.

FROM hill to hill I roam, from thought to thought,
With Love my guide; the beaten path I fly,
For there in vain the tranquil life is sought:
If 'mid the waste well forth a lonely rill,
Or deep embosom'd a low valley lie,
In its calm shade my trembling heart is still;
And there, if Love so will,
I smile, or weep, or fondly hope, or fear,
While on my varying brow, that speaks the soul,
The wild emotions roll,
Now dark, now bright, as shifting skies appear;
That whosoe'er has proved the lover's state
Would say, He feels the flame, nor knows his future fate.

On mountains high, in forests drear and wide,
I find repose, and from the throng'd resort
Of man turn fearfully my eyes aside;
At each lone step thoughts ever new arise
Of her I love, who oft with cruel sport
Will mock the pangs I bear, the tears, the sighs;
Yet e'en those ills I prize,
Though bitter, sweet, nor would they were removed:
For my heart whispers me, Love yet has power
To grant a happier hour;
Perchance, though self-despised, thou yet art loved:
E'en then my breast a passing sigh will heave,
Ah! when, or how, may I a hope so wild believe?

Where shadows of high rocking pines dark wave
I stay my footsteps, and on some rude stone
With thought intense her beauteous face engrave;
Roused from the trance, my bosom bathed I find
With tears, and cry, Ah! whither thus alone
Hast thou far wander'd, and whom left behind?
But as with fixèd mind
On this fair image I impassion'd rest,
And, viewing her, forget awhile my ills,
Love my rapt fancy fills;
In its own error sweet the soul is blest,
While all around so bright the visions glide;
Oh! might the cheat endure! I ask not aught beside.

Her form portray'd within the lucid stream
Will oft appear, or on the verdant lawn,
Or glossy beech, or fleecy cloud, will gleam
So lovely fair, that Leda's self might say
Her Helen sinks eclipsed, as at the dawn

Winds, two and two, went breathless out and in,
Filling the darkened air with evil din.

I turned away my weary steps and said:
"This must be confine of some fearful place;
Here is no path for mortal man to tread.
Who enters here will tremble, face to face
With powers of darkness, whose unearthly race
In cloud and wind and storm delights to dwell,
Ruling them all by an uncanny spell."

The guide but smiled, and, holding fast my hand,
Compelled me up a path I had not seen.
It wound round ledges where I scarce could stand;
It plunged to sudden sunless depths between
Immeasurable cliffs, which seemed to lean
Together, closing as we passed, like door
Of dungeon which would open nevermore.

I said again: "I will not go. This way
Is not for mortal feet." Again the guide
But smiled, and I again could but obey.
The path grew narrow: thundering by its side,
As loud as ocean at its highest tide,
A river rushed, all black, and green, and white,
A boiling stream of molten malachite.

Sudden I heard a joyous cry, "Behold, behold!"
And, smiling still on me, the good guide turned,
And pointed where broad, sunny fields unrolled
And spread like banners; green, so green it burned,
And lit the air like red; and blue which yearned
From all the lofty dome of sky, and bent
And folded low and circling like a tent;

And forests ranged like armies, round and round,
At feet of mountains of eternal snow;
And valleys all alive with happy sound, —
The song of birds; swift brooks' delicious flow;
The mystic hum of million things that grow;
The stir of men; and gladdening every way,
Voices of little children at their play;

And shining banks of flowers which words refuse
To paint; such colors as in summer-light
The rarest, fleetest summer rainbows use;
But set in gold of sun and silver white
Of dew, as thick as gems which blind the sight
On altar fronts, inlaid with precious things,
The jewelled gifts of centuries of kings.

Then, sitting half in dream, and half in fear
Of how such wondrous miracle were wrought,
Thy name, dear friend, I sudden seemed to hear
Through all the charmèd air.
My loving thought
Through patient years had vainly groped and sought,
And found no hidden thing so rare, so good,
That it might furnish thy similitude.

O noble soul! whose thoughts like mountains stand,
Whose purposes, like adamantine stone,
Bar roads to feeble feet, and wrap the land
In seeming shadow! — thou, too, hast thine own
Sweet valleys full of flowers, for me alone;
Unseen, unknown, undreamèd of by the mass,
Who do not know the secret of the Pass.

H. H.

Cortina d' Ampezzo, Ampezzo Pass, June 22, 1869.

To drop from the charcoal-burners' huts,
  Or climb from the hemp-dressers' low shed,
Leave the grange where the woodman stores his nuts,
  Or the wattled cote where the fowlers spread
Their gear on the rock's bare juts.

And all day long a bird sings there,
  And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times:
The place is silent and aware;
  It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair.

Silent the crumbling bridge we cross,
  And pity and praise the chapel sweet,
And care about the fresco's loss,
  And wish for our souls a like retreat,
And wonder at the moss.

We stoop and look in through the grate,
  See the little porch and rustic door,
Read duly the dead builder's date,
  Then cross the bridge we crossed before,
Take the path again — but wait!

Oh moment, one and infinite!
  The water slips o'er stock and stone;
The west is tender, hardly bright;
  How gray at once is the evening grown, —
One star, the chrysolite!

We two stood there with never a third,
  But each by each, as each knew well:
The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
  The lights and the shades, made up a spell
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!

A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast;
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life: we were mixed at last
In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a second the powers at play;
They had mingled us so, for once and for good,
Their work was done — we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood.

I am named and known by that hour's feat;
There took my station and degree:
So grew my own small life complete
As Nature obtained her best of me —
One boon to love you, Sweet!

ROBERT BROWNING.

IN THE PASS.

ACROSS my road a mountain rose of rock, —
Fierce, naked rock. Its shadow, black and chill,
Shut out the sun. Gray clouds, which seemed to mock
With cruel challenges my helpless will,
Sprang up and scaled the steepest crags. The shrill

THORALF AND SYNNÖV.

A Norse Idyl.

OH have you been in Gudbrand's-Dale, where Laagen's mighty flood
Chants evermore its stirring strain unto the listening wood?
And have you seen the evening sun on those bright glaciers glow,
When valley-ward it shoots and darts like shafts from elfin bow?

Have you beheld the maidens, when the saeter* path they tread,
With the ribbons in their sunny hair and the milk-pails on their head?
And have you heard the fiddles, when they strike the lusty dance?
Then you have heard of Synnöv Houg, and of myself perchance.

For Synnöv Houg is lissome as the limber willow spray,
And when you think you hold her fast, and she is yours for aye,
Then like an airy blow-ball that dances o'er the lea
She gently through your fingers slips, and lightly floateth free.

*The saeter is the region in the highlands where the Norwegian peasants spend the greater part of the summer pasturing their cattle.

Then it was last St. John's Eve, — I remember it so well, —
And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell;
And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,
And some were telling stories, while the rest were listening.

Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;
And I, — I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,
For every note of Synnöv's stave went straight unto my heart.

And like the rushing currents that from the glaciers flow,
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,
And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"And little Synnöv," sang I, "thou art good and very fair;"
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say, beware!"
"My fairest Synnöv," quoth I, "my heart was ever thine,
My homestead and my goodly farm, my herds of lowing kine."

"O Thoralf, dearest Thoralf, if that your meaning be, —

If your big heart can hold such a little thing as me,
Then — I shall truly tell you if e'er I want a man ;
And — you are free to catch me, handsome Thoralf, —
if you can."

And down the hillside ran she, where the tangled
thicket weaves
A closely latticed bower with its intertwining leaves ;
And through the coppice skipped she, light-footed as
a hare,
And with her merry laughter rang the forests far and
near.

And whenever I beheld little Synnöv all that year,
She fled from my sight as from hunter's shaft the deer.
I lay awake full half the nights, and knew not what to
do,
For I loved little Synnöv so tenderly and true.

Then 'twas a summer even up in the birchen glen
I sat listening to the cuckoo and the twitter of the
wren ;
And suddenly above me rang out a silver voice —
It rose above the twittering birds and o'er the river's
noise.

There sat my little love, where the rocks had made a
seat,
And the crimson-tipped flowerets grew all around her
feet,
And on her yellow locks clung a tiny roguish hood, —
The edge was made of swan's down, but the cloth
was red as blood.

And noiselessly behind her I had stolen through the copse ;
I cursed the restless birch-trees when they waved their rustling tops.
Full merrily my heart beat ; then forth I leapt in haste,
And flung a slender birch-bough around the maiden's waist.

She blushed and she fluttered, then turned away to run ;
But straight into my sturdy arms I caught the little one.
I put her gently down in the heather at my side,
Where the crimson-tipped flowerets the rocky ledges hide.

And as the prisoned birdling, when he knows his cage full well,
Pours forth his silver-toned voice, and nought his mirth can quell,
So little Synnöv, striving in vain my hold to flee,
Turned quick on me her roguish eyes and laughed full heartily.

"My little Synnöv," said I, "if I remember right,
'Twas something that you promised me a year ago to-night."
Then straight she stayed her laughter, and full serious she grew,
And whispered, "Little Thoralf, you promised some thing too."

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESE.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw.
The wildflowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e marched my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' Nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no' its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no' the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

MY AIN MOUNTAIN LAND.

OH! wae's me on gowd, wi' its glamour and fame,
It tint me my love, and it wiled me frae hame,
Syne dwindled awa' like a neivefu' o' sand,
And left me to mourn for my ain mountain land.

I lang for the glens, and the brown heather fells,
The green birken shades, where the wild lintie dwells,
The dash o' the deep, on the gray rocky strand
That girds the blue hills of my ain mountain land.

I dream o' the dens where the clear burnies flow,
The bonnie green knowes where the green gowans grow;
But I wake frae my sleep like a being that's bann'd,
And shed a saut tear for my ain mountain land.

I ken there's a lass that looks out on the sea,
Wi' tears in the e'en that are watchin' for me;
Lang, lang she may wait for the clasp o' my hand,
Or the fa' o' my foot in my ain mountain land.

THOMAS ELLIOTT.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O DWELLERS in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour, —

While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side:
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: Oh, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, — "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height!
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And, when He giveth work to do,
The bruisèd reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire, —
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim, —
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

J. R. Lowell.

THE TWO HOMES.

MY home was seated high and fair
Upon a mountain's side;
The day was longest, brightest there;
Beneath, the world was wide.
Across its blue, embracing zone
The rivers gleamed, the cities shone,
And over the edge of the fading rim
I saw the storms in the distance dim,
And the flash of the soundless thunder.

But weary grew the sharp, cold wine
Of winds that never kissed,

The changeless green of fir and pine,
The gray and clinging mist.
Above the granite sprang no bowers ;
The soil gave low and scentless flowers ;
And the drone and din of the waterfall
Became a challenge, a taunting call :
"'Tis fair, 'tis fair in the valley ! "

Of all the homesteads deep and far
My fancy clung to one,
Whose gable burned, a mellow star,
Touched by the sinking sun.
Unseen around, but not unguessed,
The orchards made a leafy nest ;
The turf before it was thick, I knew,
And bees were busy the garden through,
And the windows were dark with roses.

"'Tis happier there, below," I sighed :
"The world is warm and near,
And closer love and comfort hide,
That cannot reach me here.
Who there abides must be so blest
He'll share with me his sheltered nest,
If down to the valley I should go,
Leaving the granite, the pines and snow,
And the winds that are keen as lances."

I wandered down, by ridge and dell ;
The way was rough and long :
Though earlier shadows round me fell,
I cheered them with my song.
The world's great circle narrower grew,
Till hedge and thicket hid the blue ;

But over the orchards, near at hand,
The gable shone on the quiet land,
And far away was the mountain!

Then came the master: mournful-eyed
And stern of brow was he.
"Oh, planted in such peace!" I cried,
"Spare but the least to me!"
"Who seeks," he said, "this brooding haze,
The tameness of these weary days?
The highway's dust, the glimmer and heat,
The woods that fetter the young wind's feet,
And hide the world and its beauty?"

He stretched out his hand; he looked afar
With eyes of old desire:
I saw my home, a mellow star
That held the sunset's fire.
"But yonder home," he cried, "how fair!
Its chambers burn like gilded air;
I know that the gardens are wild as dreams,
With the sweep of winds, the dash of streams,
And the pines that sound as an anthem!

"So quiet, so serenely high
It sits, when clouds are furled,
And knows the beauty of the sky,
The glory of the world!
Who there abides must be so blest
He'll share with me that lofty crest,
If up to the mountain I should go,
Leaving the dust and the glare below,
And the weary life of the valley!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND: ARRAN FROM AYR.

DEEP set in distant seas it lies;
The morning vapors float and fall,
The noonday clouds above it rise.
Then drop as white as virgin's pall.

And sometimes, when that shroud uplifts,
The far green fields show strange and fair;
Mute waterfalls in silver rifts
Sparkle adown the hillside bare.

But ah! mists gather, more and more;
And though the blue sky has no tears,
And the sea laughs with light all o'er, —
The lovely Island disappears.

O vanished Island of the blest!
O dream of all things pure and high!
Hid in deep seas, as faithful breast
Hides loves that have but seemed to die, —

Whether on seas dividing tossed,
Or led through fertile lands the while,
Better lose all things than have lost
The memory of the morning Isle!

For lo! when gloaming shadows glide,
And all is calm in earth and air,
Above the heaving of the tide
The lonely Island rises fair;

Its purple peaks shine, outlined grand
And clear, as noble lives nigh done;
While stretches bright from land to land
The broad sea-pathway to the sun.

He wraps it in his glory's blaze,
He stoops to kiss its forehead cold;
And, all transfigured by his rays,
It gleams — an Isle of molten gold.

The sun may set, the shades descend,
Earth sleep — and yet while sleeping smile;
But it will live unto life's end —
That vision of the Golden Isle.

D. M. Mulock Craik.

TO THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

FAIR are thy sunset hues, thy dark brow blessing,
O mountain! with their gift of golden rays;
And the few floating clouds, thy crest caressing,
Seem guardian angels to my raptured gaze:
I have looked on thee through the saddest tears
That ever human sorrow taught to flow,
And thou wilt come, in life's recalling years,
Linked with the memory of my deepest woe.

Yet well I love thee, in thy silent mystery,
Thy purple shadows and thy glowing light;
Thou art to me a most poetic history
Of stillest beauty and of stormiest might:
I owe thee, O sublime and solemn mountain,
For many hours of vision and of thought,

For pleasant draughts from Fancy's gushing fountain,
For bright illusions by thy presence brought.

And more I thank thee, for the deeper learning
That soothes my spirit as I look on thee,
For thou hast laid upon my soul's wild yearning
The holy spell of thy tranquillity:
I shall recall thee with a long regretting,
And often pine to see thy brow in vain;
While Thought, returning, fond and unforgetting,
Will trace thy form in glory-tints again.

And thou, in thine experience, all material,
Wilt never know how worshipped thou hast been;
No glimpses of that life that is ethereal
Shadow thy face, eternally serene!
Thou hast not felt the impulse of resistance, —
Thy lot has linked thee with the earth alone:
Thou art no traveller to a new existence,
Thou hast no future to be lost or won.

The past contains for thee no bitter fountain, —
Thou hast no onward mission to fulfil:
And I would learn from thee, O silent mountain,
All things enduring, to be tranquil still!
And now, with that fond reverence of feeling
We owe whatever wakes our loftiest thought,
I can but offer thee, in faint revealing,
These idle thanks for all that thou hast brought.

JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

LIFE AND DEATH.

AT morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crowned, and there
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
And I cried, — "O Life, how fair!"

As the birds in their bowers their lay began,
When the dawning time was nigh,
So wakened for song in the breast of man
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt a longing to soar
From home afar in its flight,
To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, rapt in devotion and prayer,
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
And I cried, — "O Death, how fair!"

And when the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name!

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came;
The exploits of man then seemed to me small, —
Nought great save the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens, arise!

E. SJÖGREN.

THE OTHER SIDE.

CLIMBING the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze, whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;
But as I slowly toiled along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

Meanwhile the mountain shrubs distilled
Their sweetness all along my way,
And the delicious summer day
My heart with rapture overfilled.

At length the topmost height was gained,
The other side was full in view;
My dreams — not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere, —
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed, —
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed:

Meanwhile, along our upward way,
What beauties lurk, what visions glow!
Whatever shall be, this we know
Is better than our lips can say.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

ENTRANCE TO THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

SEE ye not here this rock some power secureth,
That grasps with awful toil the hill-side brown,
And with the very anguish it endureth
Age after age seems slowly coming down?
Suspended there with effort, it obscureth
A mighty cave beneath, which it doth crown;—
An open mouth the horrid cavern shapes,
Wherewith the melancholy mountain gapes.

This, then, by mournful cypress trees surrounded,
Between the lips of rocks at either side,
Reveals a monstrous neck of length unbounded,
Whose tangled hair is scantily supplied
By the wild herbs that there the wind hath grounded,
A gloom whose depths no sun has ever tried,
A space, a void, the gladsome day's affright,
The fatal refuge of the frozen night.

CALDERON (Translation of D. F. McCarthy).

BEYOND.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid, —
Who yet, with patient toil, hath gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed,

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where Southern blooms unfold for evermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee;
For past the Alpine summits of great pain,
Lieth thine Italy.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE STORM IS PAST.

THE storm is past: the green hill-side
Is streaked with evening gleams
Let out through rents in yon dark cloud,
Day's last and loveliest beams.

Still clings the tempest's fleecy skirt
Round Fairfield's hollow crest,
Where glorious mists in many a fold
Of wavy silver rest.

Deep imaged in the lake serene
The shadowy mountains lie:
Deeper than heaven itself the blue
Of that unreal sky.

Oh! soft falls evening on the heart
With gnawing cares deprest,
Feeding on all her quiet things, —
A sacrament of rest!

Sin-blighted though we are — yet still
Upon our weary souls,
Through hills and woods, through lakes and streams,
A tide of glory rolls:

A brimming tide from heaven that flows
Of freshness and of power,
And holy strength to nerve the heart
For duty's sterner hour.

F. W. FABER.

MOUNTAIN-TOP.

I STAND on high,
Close to the sky,
Kissed by unsullied lips of light;
Fanned by soft airs
That seem like prayers
Floating to God through ether bright.

The emerald lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace below outspread;

Around me rise
The amber skies,
A dome of glory o'er my head.

Wind-swept and bare
The fields of air
Give the weaned eagles room for play:
On mightier wing
My soul doth spring
To unseen summits far away.

CHARLES G. AMES.

Gorham to Jefferson, Aug. 1862.

MOUNTAIN TARNS.

OH asketh thou of me
What store of thoughtful glee
By mountain tarns is lying,
That I to such grim nooks
From my dull-hearted books
Should evermore be flying?

Go thou, and spend an hour
In autumn fog and shower
Amid the thundering rills,
Or hear the breezy sigh
Of summer quiet die
Among the noon-day hills.

The eagle's royal soul
Is nurtured in the roll
And echo of the thunder,
And feeds for evermore
Amid the summits hoar
On sights and sounds of wonder.

The murmur of the stone
With hoarse and hollow moan
Self-loosened from the height, —
The water-fall's white showers
In midnight's deepest hours
Creating sound and light, —

The pauses in the blowing
Of winds, when oxen lowing
Are heard from vales beneath,
The underworld of care
Scarce burdening the air
With its poor plaintive breath, —

The fragrance of the noon,
The nearness of the moon,
The swampy mosses tingling,
The strife of peace and noise,
Like the sorrows and the joys
In earthly lots commingling, —

To all such sight and sound
Is the eagle's being bound,
A destiny of bliss ;
These spells his spirit wake,
These influences make
The eagle what he is.

So I of lowly birth,
A workman on the earth,
Would cast myself apart,
That I a little time
From dreariness sublime
Might win a royal heart.

The golden crownèd kings
Are often abject things;
I would not be as they:
But mountain winds and waves
Teach no men to be slaves,
But with high minds obey.

Great emperors forget,
In jewelled places set,
The human heart below;
And with no fellows near
They often cease to hear
Its holy ebb and flow.

But I from mountain throne
Would oftentime come down,
And leave unto the breeze
And cataract to fill
With echoes at their will
My dreary royalties.

I would in mountain haunt
But quicken the sweet want
Of love and blisses mild;
And I would alternate
My pomp of regal state
With the humors of a child.

There is a power to bless
In hill-side loneliness,
In tarns and dreary places;
A virtue in the brook,
A freshness in the look
Of mountains' joyless faces.

And I would have my heart
From littleness apart,
A love-anointed thing;
Be set above my kind,
In my unfettered mind
A veritable king.

And so when life is dull,
Or when my heart is full
Because my dreams have frowned,
I wander up the rills
To stones and tarns and hills,—
I go there to be crowned.

F. W. Faber.

SONNET.

I STOOD beside a pool, from whence ascended,
Mounting the cloudy platforms of the wind,
A stately heron; its soaring I attended,
Till it grew dim, and I with watching blind —
When lo! a shaft of arrowy light descended
Upon its darkness and its dim attire;
It straightway kindled then, and was afire,
And with the unconsuming radiance blended.
And bird, a cloud, flecking the sunny air,
It had its golden dwelling 'mid the lightning
Of those empyreal domes; and it might there
Have dwelt for ever, glorified and bright'ning,
But that its wings were weak — so it became
A dusky speck again, that *was* a wingèd flame.

R. C. Trench.

THE BORDER OF THE WILDERNESS.

TOWERING heights of Ingall's River
Fir-fringed crests of Mount Success,
Pine and birch and maple forests,
Border of the wilderness, —

Darkening in the evening glory,
Hiding in each wild ravine
Depths of life, of mystic beauty,
Never yet by mortal seen ; —

Still ye beckon, beckon ever,
Saying : " Come, our sister, come !
Quit the weary, glaring highways,
Seek within our shades a home.

" Firmly stands each rocky buttress,
Bears aloft scant growth of trees,
Deep beneath, sweet waters pouring
Mingle music with the breeze.

" Come, O sister, come and rest thee,
Thou and we are thoughts of God ;
Friends alone thou'lt find among us,
Friends that wield no critic's rod.

" If thy locks have lost their shining,
Tresses gray our limbs adorn ;
If thy brow be sadly furrowed,
Wrinkled we, ere thou wast born.

"If the young have ceased to love thee,
Shun they too our awesome ways;
If thy steps have lost their fleetness,
Here we stand these myriad days.

"Feel'st thou foolish fancies rising,
All unsuited to thy years?
Every fallen trunk, each ruin,
Greenest, freshest growth uprears.

"Falls thy shadow darkening eastward?
We against the twilight show,
But we know the dawn returneth; —
Wait with us that blessèd glow!"

L. D. Pychowska.

NIRVANA.

ALONG the scholar's glowing page
I read the Orient thinker's dream
Of things that are not what they seem, —
Of mystic chant and Soma's rage.

The sunlight flooding all the room
To me again was Indra's smile,
And on the hearth the blazing pile
For Agni's sake did fret and fume.

Yet most I read of who aspire
To win Nirvana's deep repose,
Of that long way the Spirit goes
To reach the absence of desire.

But through the music of my book
Another music smote my ear —
A tinkle silver-sweet and clear —
The babble of the mountain-brook.

"Oh! leave," it said, "your ancient seers;
Come out into the woods with me;
Behold an older mystery
Than Buddhist's hope or Brahman's fears!"

The voice so sweet I could but hear;
I sallied forth, with staff in hand,
While, mile on mile, the mountain-land
Was radiant with the dying year.

I heard the startled partridge whirr,
And crinkling through the tender grass
I saw the stripèd adder pass,
Where dropped the chestnut's prickly burr.

I saw the miracle of life
From death upspringing evermore;
The fallen tree a forest bore
Of tiny forms with beauty rife.

I gathered mosses rare and sweet,
The acorn in its carven cup:
'Mid heaps of leaves, wind-gathered up,
I trod with half-remorseful feet.

The maple's blush I made my own,
The sumac's crimson splendor bold,
The poplar's hue of paly gold,
The faded chestnut, crisp and brown.

I climbed the mountain's shaggy crest,
Where masses huge of molten rock,
After long years of pain and shock,
Fern-covered, from their wanderings rest.

Far, far below the valley spread
Its rich, roof-dotted, wide expanse;
And further still the sunlight's dance
The amorous river gayly led.

But still, with all I heard or saw
There mingled thoughts of that old time,
And that enchanted eastern clime
Where Buddha gave his mystic law, —

Till, wearied with the lengthy way,
I found a spot where all was still,
Just as the sun behind the hill
Was making bright the parting day.

On either side the mountains stood,
Masses of color rich and warm;
And over them in giant form
The rosy moon serenely glowed.

My heart was full as it could hold;
The Buddha's paradise was mine;
My mountain-nook its inmost shrine,
The fretted sky its roof of gold.

Nirvana's peace my soul had found —
Absence complete of all desire —
While the great moon was mounting higher,
And deeper quiet breathed around.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

LIKE dreary prison walls
The stern, gray mountains rise,
Until their top-most crags
Touch the far gloomy skies;
One steep and narrow path
Winds up the mountain's crest,
And from our valley leads
Out to the golden West.

I dwell here in content,
Thankful for tranquil days;
And yet my eyes grow dim,
As still I gaze and gaze
Upon that mountain pass
That leads — or so it seems —
To some far happy land
Known in a world of dreams.

And as I watch that path
Over the distant hill,
A foolish longing comes
My heart and soul to fill;
A painful, strange desire
To break some weary bond;
A vague unuttered wish
For what might lie beyond!

In that far world unknown,
Over that distant hill,
May dwell the loved and lost, —
Lost, yet belovèd still;

I have a yearning hope,
  Half longing, and half pain,
That by that mountain pass
  They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,
  Death has a mighty thrall;
There is another gulf
  Harder to cross than all;
Yet watching that far road,
  My heart beats full and fast:
If they should come once more,
  If they should come at last!

See, down the mountain side
  The silver vapors creep;
They hide the rocky cliffs,
  They hide the craggy steep,
They hide the narrow path
  That comes across the hill: —
O foolish longing, cease,
  O beating Heart, be still!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

SUNSET.

IT is coming, it is coming,
  That marvellous up-summing
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one:
  The great transfiguration
  And the royal coronation
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

Watch breathlessly and hearken,
While the forest throne-steps darken,
His investiture in crimson and in fire;
Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
Not a pæan echo flingeth,
There is music of a silence that is mightier far, and higher.

Then in radiant obedience
A flush of bright allegiance
Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all around;
And a thrill of mystic glory
Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned:

Crowned with ruby of resplendence,
In unspeakable transcendence,
'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
While the glorious anointing
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

Then a swift and still transition
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away;
But the paling of the splendor
Leaves a rose-light clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before the day.

Oh to keep it, oh to hold it,
While the tremulous rays enfold it!
Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst again!

Yet less lovely if less fleeting!
For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

It is passing, it is passing!
While the softening glow is glassing
In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose;
Ever faintly and more faintly,
Ever saintly and more saintly,
Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness!
O mystery of brightness
Upon those still majestic brows shed solemnly abroad!
Like the calm and blessed sleeping
Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their God.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,
As down its long green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown:
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain cradle shows;
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud:
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?

What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed, —
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills wear
Too soon their wintry frown,

And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold, —
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold!

J. G. WHITTIER.

QUIET WATERS.

O RAINBOW, Rainbow, on the livid height,
Softening its ashen outlines into dream,
Dewy yet brilliant, delicately bright
As pink wild-roses' leaves, — why dost thou gleam
So beckoningly? Whom dost thou invite
Still higher upward on the bitter quest?
What dost thou promise to the weary sight
In that strange region whence thou issuest?
Speakest thou of pensive runlets by whose side
Our dear ones wander sweet and gentle-eyed,
In the soft dawn of a diviner Day?
Art thou a promise? Come those hues and dyes
From heavenly Meads near which thou dost arise,
Iris'd from Quiet Waters, far away?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

O SUNLIT hills! that in your rocky deeps
Hold secrets from our science hid away,
Lifting your voiceless ridges 'gainst the day
Slow dying in the west, — calm day that sleeps
In your dark hollows, crowns your stony brows
With light so living that its touch must wake
Your rocks to speech, your mighty silence break, —
From your long centuries of rest, arouse!
Speak words of strength! for have ye not been given
Justice for all the peoples, and God's Peace?
Our souls are weary, and we crave release
From the drear, endless war of good and ill,
Rest from ourselves; one living breath of heaven,
That shall our silent hearts with peace and loving fill.

Arouse, great hills! The day is dying fast,
Cold grow your shadows, and the heavens' light,
Deepening in death along each basking height,
Soon from your silent fastness will have passed,
When stern, and cold, and dumb, your forms shall rise
As in your hearts of stone ye held no faith;
As if for us who long for purer breath
Ye held no loving message from the skies.
O soul! my soul! God's light shines down on thee,
Thy morn and eve begin in shade to blend,
Thy day so softly shadowed nears its end:
Speak! ere the light be gone, of love and peace,
Thy message give, nor cold and silent be, —
One word may give one soul from weary thoughts release.

Arouse, my soul! now, while the light is thine;
The day is passing, and fast comes the night
When only shadows on thy utmost height
Shall fall, where lingereth now God's sweet sunshine.
Speak! with the living breath that thee is lent
Not for thyself alone. Some soul may wait,
Craving the message that thou giv'st so late, —
Thou and the mountains in one silence blent!
While over both glow warm the illumined skies —
The mountains' peace and thine beyond, above —
Bathed in illimitable depths of Love!
Only that Peace the yearning heart can fill,
Only that Love for heaven-born soul suffice. —
O gracious skies, bend down! O hills, O soul, be still!

E. W. C.

BENEDICTION.

GAZE on those skies at once o'er all the earth
Dissolving in a bath of purple dews,
And spread thy soul abroad as widely forth
Till Love thy soul, as Heaven the snows, suffuse.
Gaze, gaze on Heaven; and mark, his clouds among,
The Sun, emerging in his luminous might:
Gaze on the Earth; and mark, o'er all, Mont Blanc
Answering that sinking orb with light for light:
He sinks — is set — but upwards without end
Two mighty beams, diverging,
Like hands in benediction raised, extend;
From the great deep a crimson mist is surging;
The peaks all round are funeral pyres
On which the flaming day expires;

Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,
Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite
All spaces of the empyreal height —
Deep gleams, high words which God to man doth speak;
From peak to solemn peak in order driven
They speed. — A loftier vision dost thou seek?
Rise then — to Heaven!

AUBREY DE VERE.

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